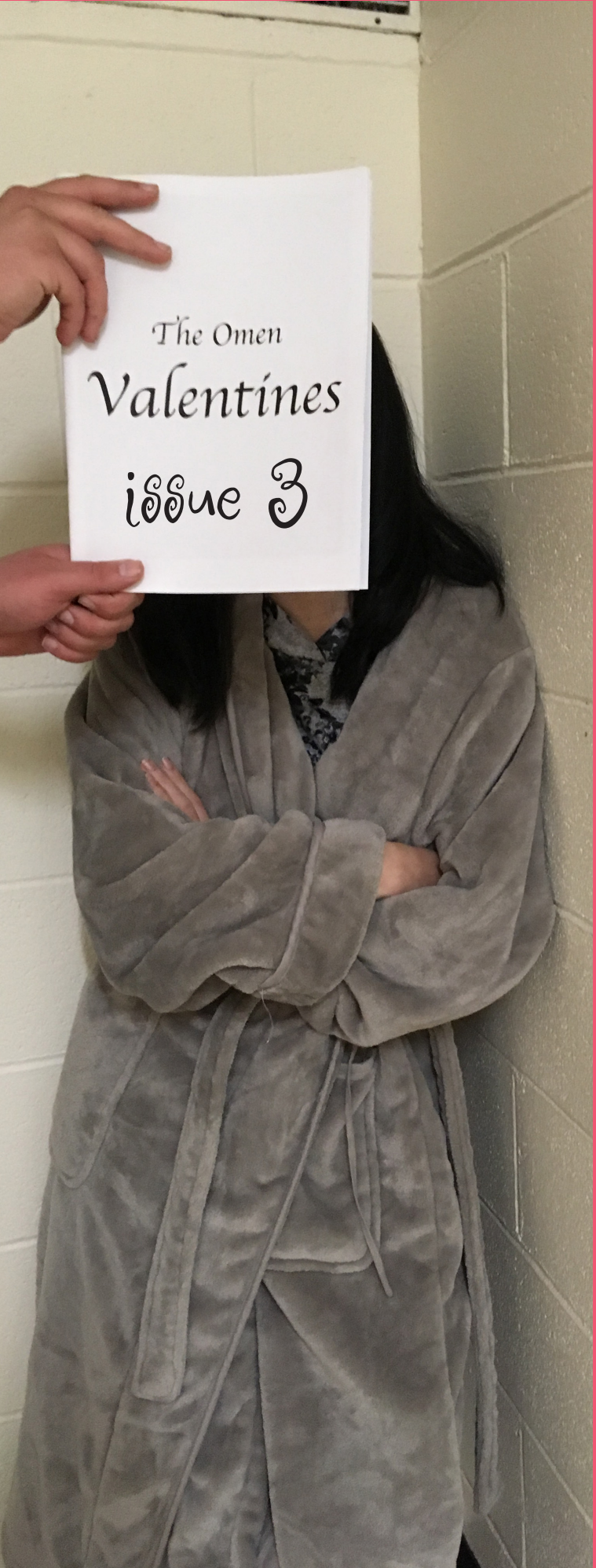


The Omen
Valentines
vol. 50

A person wearing a grey robe and a maroon shirt is holding a white sign. The sign has the text 'The Omen Valentines vol. 50' written on it. The person is standing in front of a light-colored wall.



The Omen
Valentines
issue 3

A person wearing a grey robe and a patterned shirt is holding a white sign. The sign has the text 'The Omen Valentines issue 3' written on it. The person is standing in front of a light-colored wall.

IN THIS ISSUE...

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Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

Chloe: Only if you have chocolate.

Killian: ...

Simon: Yes.

Will: I don't know, will you be mine?

Ida: No.

Olivia: Are you gonna provide me with nonstop mochi?

George: What does it entail to be a valentine?

Ivan: ...

Rejjia: Why? Love is but a game that we choose to play. Why am I worth quitting that for?

Brennan: ...

Alexis: ...

Front Cover: Will Newhall

Back Cover: Olivia Krzeminski

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office or Chloe's mailbox (0369)

Policy

The Omen is a bimonthly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

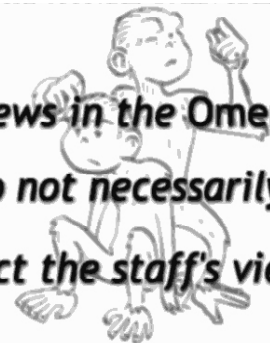
The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, online at <http://expelallo.men>, and just about any other place we can find to put it.



Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



EDITORIAL

Chloe Anne Omelchuck & Ida Kao

Ida and I are sitting in the Library, looking at the wall of magazines and contemplating what to write for our joint editorial. It's time for the changing of the editrix, and that means that you must say goodbye to me (Chloe) and say hello to Ida. Unfortunately, neither of us have any good ideas about what to write, so I decide to record Ida's ramblings. She's a rambler and I'm a recorder of quotes, we make a good pair...

"You know parabola [seemingly random until you scan the titles of magazines]? That's what angry birds make. Apparently people who aren't familiar with math, they just say it's that thing that angry birds make. And Iowa [another magazine]? Why are we interested in Iowa, what does Iowa have? Honestly I shouldn't shit on Iowa when there's places like Virginia. Oh my god, are you writing this down, okay."

"I'm just recording your rant, it'll make a good editorial."

"I mean, do you know what's happening in Virginia? Both Ralph Northam (governor) and Mark Herring have been accused of doing blackface. It was in a med. School yearbook, Northam said that it was him, but then said it wasn't him and weird stuff. Justin Fairfax (lt. gov) has been accused of sexual assault or rape. So things are crazy there, but I'm in Mass. So no one knows who's going to resign first. Do you know what's going to happen when I take over Chloe?"

"What?"

"The reign of Times New Roman will be over, Georgia is clearly the superior font. [giggles] This is so dumb. Wait, are you going to write this down? I'm so tired, I just wanna cuddle with my dog."

Wolves submitted
by Ally Zeitler >



Wait, wait, I forgot what I was going to say. Are you ever going to write your own commentary here? My dog isn't a Basenji, but Basenjis are cool. Black lab mixes are cool, they have long noses. My dog has a long nose and fluffy ears, sometimes I lift them up and then let them fall back down... don't write that down, it's weird. Is this actually going to be our editorial Chloe? I wish I could have my dog with me because then I could show you. I like to lift up his lips and they make a suction cup noise but they make him look extra frowny when they droop so whenever he makes puppy dog eyes he looks hella sad. I don't know how much of this is to be funny for the editorial and how much of this is just stream of thought rambling. Chloe, can you please say something to me. Okay, this isn't a joint editorial. You're not even transcribing well because I'm talking too fast for you to type. I'm not going to talk until you respond. In the editorial I mean."

"But you just kept talking. I didn't have to do anything."

"But this is a collaborative editorial. And I've said like five times more than you have said."

"I'm just introducing them to your ramblings."

"I like rambling. But it's mostly just complaining. Weekends suck when you're on the full meal plan, you know. Oh my god, you're writing this down."

"I mean, I'll probably be like hi, bye, this is your new person."

Then there was a large gap in the conversation where we both tried to think of an editorial that would be thematically consistent with the erotica issue. The problem is that neither of us are dating or hold any interest in doing so. Ah, the struggles of those who wish to simply cuddle, but have no one to do it with (or, in Ida's case, no dogs):

"[it's a struggle between] Being lonely and never dating anyone, and also wanting companionship.

But also I just want to curl up in my room and never socialize again."

"Honestly Omen meetings are the most socialization I get."

In all seriousness though, the Omen has been a part of my life since my first year. I've been editrix since my second semester. I can honestly say that it will be strange to leave it behind when I graduate this spring. Simon asked me if it would be a relief to pass on the title of editrix to Ida. I said no, because I find layout to be calming (if something of a marathon). He then asked me why I was giving up the editrix position to Ida before I really "have to." I told him that I want the Omen to survive in the future, and in order for that to happen, there needs to be people around who know how to be editrix besides me, which he thought was nice. For me it's just common sense. The Omen is the college's longest running publication: 26 old years this year, making it just over half the age of the college itself. For a club which has always been run by students, that's really quite impressive.

What has enabled the Omen to survive for so long is a combination of the efforts of Omen staff to do layout and put out issues and the student body in creating and submitting content for us to publish. The Omen contains what the students put into it, and that ensures a variety of opinions and viewpoints when many people submit. It is my hope that both Omen staff and Hampshire students will continue to work together to make the Omen great and to preserve the history of student thought and creativity at Hampshire college.

Chloe Omelchuck (ex-editrix)
Ida Kao (NEW EDITRIX!)

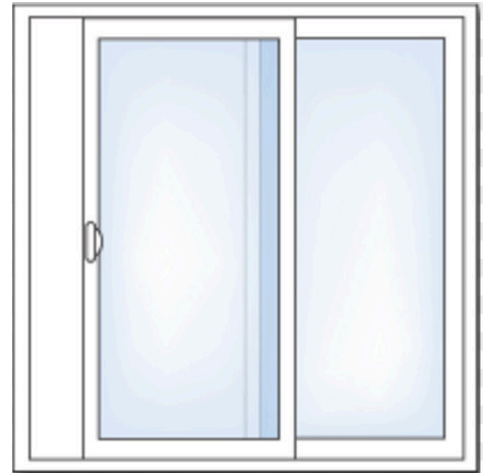
SECTION SPEAK

“Love isn’t an open door, it’s a sliding glass door: you don’t see it until you run into it.”

- Chloe Omelchuck

“Romance-wise, I don’t adhere to irrationality.”

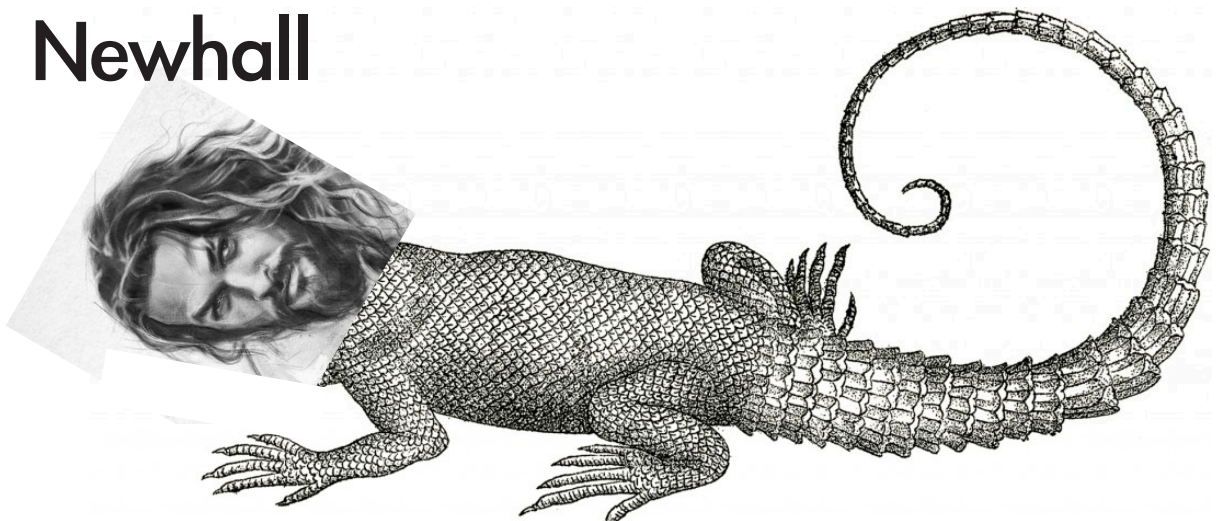
- Will Newhall



<https://www.kisspng.com/png-window-sliding-glass-door-sliding-door-clip-art-ga-625137/>

“Lizard people are still people.”

- Will Newhall



https://www.etsy.com/listing/625869232/jason-momoa-chair-portrait-limited?ga_order=most_relevant&ga_search_type=all&ga_view_type=gallery&ga_search_query=jason+momoa+drawing&ref=sr_gallery-1-1

<https://thegraphicsfairy.com/free-vintage-lizard-clip-art/>

“Love shouldn't be irrational,
let's measure it.”
– Chloe Omelchuck



“I've never been
completely nude.”
– Will Newhall



“Young Stalin
was surprisingly
attractive.”
– Ida Kao
(To Will
Newhall)



<https://www.cantbeunseen.com/posts/158522-anti-joke>

“I don’t have the
meat, you do,
but I don’t.”

- Ida Kao

“Will, why do
you have a basic
white bitch
laptop case?”

- Ida Kao



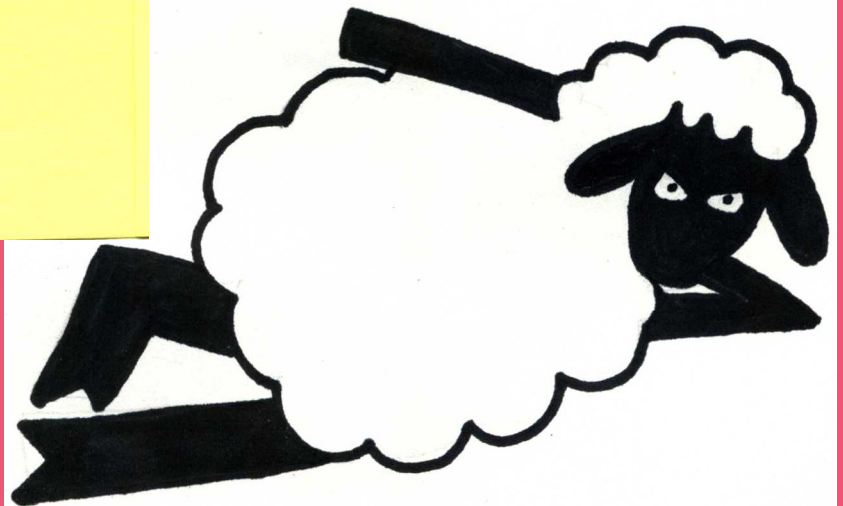
<https://www.thehunt.com/the-hunt/gYa8xN-white-marble-laptop-case>


Valentines

LOVE
YOU!


ALLY ZEITLER?
MORE LIKE ALLY
YEET-LER!

You can
do it!
Whatever
it is



you are a magical
sparkly unicorn
that's prettier than
the universe itself
so go EAT
ASS 

I WANNA
FUCK YOU!
(metaphorically
using prudence)


God
Loves
you
Also
ut I
u



Blue-Footed Booby - Who Dreams Up These Names?

July 20, 2015 Written by Sue Slaughter [submitted to the Omen by Ida Kao]

Visiting South America and finding the blue-footed booby, one begins to think a group of giggling adolescents was summoned for name assignment duty on the continent.

"Let's call this big pond Lake Titicaca".

The 12 year old gang doubles over with laughter and snorts.

"That's nothing! Over here this one will be Lake PooPo".

Now the puberty driven hysteria is in full swing. They can no longer stand up they are laughing so hard. Rolling about on the ground they spy birds flying overhead. One, who can manage to speak between fits of giggles, calls out,

"Look! There are Boobies in the air!"

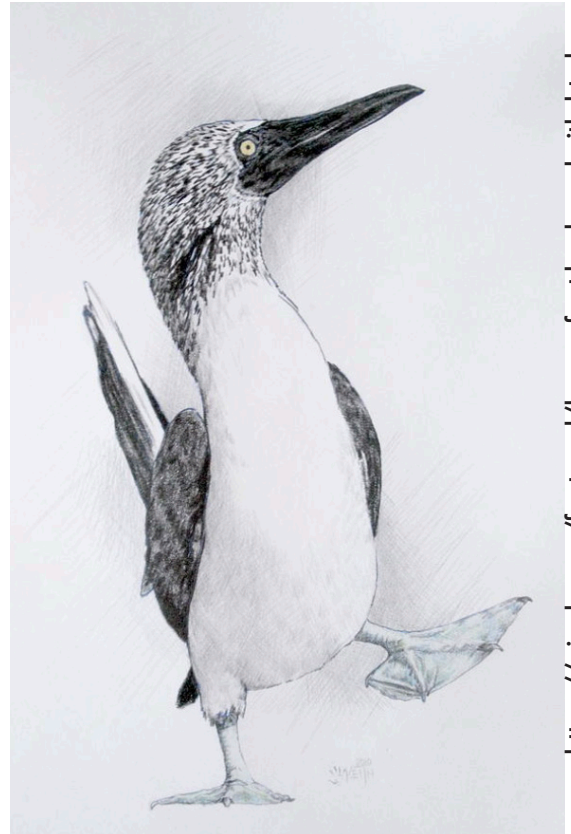
All right it didn't happen that way, but even the most stone faced traveler will fight a slight curl of the lip as a guide begins speaking of these do not miss features of a trip to Ecuador and Peru.

How did the blue-footed booby get it's name?

It is believed that early European explorers named six species of birds boobies after the Spanish word 'bobo' meaning stupid. To those who first saw the birds they appeared clumsy on land with their big webbed feet and for this they were labeled with the derogatory, giggle inducing, name.

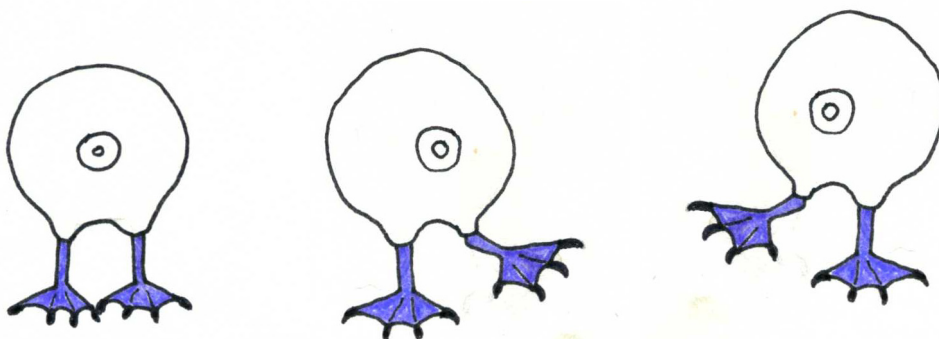
What are the Booby's blue feet used for?

The large blue webbed feet are used to cover the 1-3 eggs laid by the female booby. Both the male and female take part in the care of the eggs. On a side note the blue-footed booby is monogamous but has the potential to become bigamous. Sounds a bit like humans don't you think?



<https://pixels.com/featured/happy-feet-barbara-keith.html>

1



Long before covering eggs, the blue feet are used for mating purposes. The male struts and holds up his blue feet to impress the female. The darker the blue of the feet, the more attractive the booby is to prospective girlfriends.

Gives a whole new meaning to the hokey pokey dance. "Put your right foot in, put your right foot out , put your right foot in and you shake it all about."

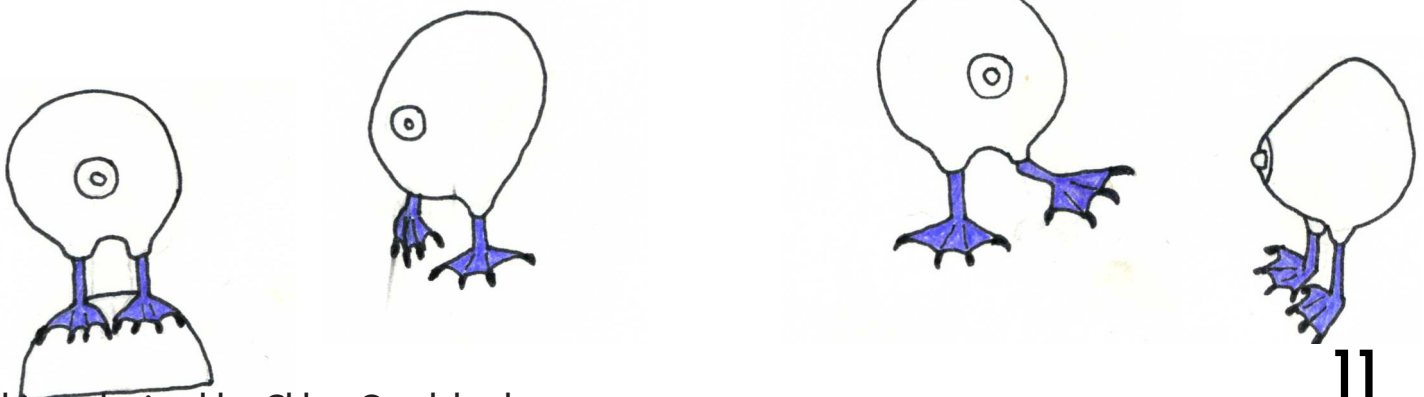
Why are the feet of the booby blue?

One might think the bird has a permanent case of poor circulation, however with their habitat being on the eastern Pacific coast from California to the Galapagos Islands to Peru, frostbite is unlikely.

It is the blue-footed booby's diet of fresh fish containing carotenoid pigments that causes the blue color of the feet. A less healthy booby will have a lighter blue tone to his or her feet. Darker feet mean more attractive boobies, which means healthier birds. No wonder Darwin loved studying these islands.

If the feet of the blue-footed booby weren't alone interesting enough, to adapt to it's diving for fish, the booby's nostrils have permanently sealed and it now breaths out the sides of it's beak.

You never know when you might need that tidbit of trivia.



boobies submitted by Chloe Omelchuck

The Hampshire College 10 Steps to Finding Love

By Will Newhall

The Divinely Inspired Omen Staff, know that not everyone is as good at love as they are, so they've decided to show mercy, and bestow unto you their flawless 10 Step Program.

1. Find a person who is way out of your league.
2. Walk towards them. No, I said towards them. That's right. Good... Good.
3. Hand them a copy of the Omen. Have them flip to this page.
4. While they're reading, stretch. You're gonna need it.
5. Do the splits. Nah, I'm kidding.
6. If you're reading this look up. Do you see them? Those big, red, luscious... tomatoes.
7. Eat a tomato.
8. Make a sandwich out of a tomato.
9. Wait... what was I supposed to be writing about?
10. I forgot.

SECTION LIES

Death Eating Pussy

by Simon Fields

The slits in his nose could detect a scent. Her scent.

So it has happened. She was sprung from Azkaban, approaching the Dark Lord. The Prophecy is so close he could taste it, and now she is here.

She. She. She.

Bellatrix's hair was already disheveled by years in Azkaban Prison. Years of suffering devotion to her pure blood, her cause, her Dark Lord.

"My Lord."

"Bellatrix," he hissed, "you have returned. After all these years." Her sleeve left the dark mark on her arm exposed to the world. Exposed to Riddle, as he rested his left forefinger onto her mark, sending powerful waves of — of what? Magic? Sensation? Some combination? Rippling through her arm, up her shoulder, further, further. The epicenter of the dark lord's touch began burning in intensity.

"Those foul mud-blooded fools!" Bellatrix exclaimed. "The muggle lovers in the ministry are determined but they are growing weak— Oh my Lord..."

"We will have plenty of time to strategize and plan. Now there is only one thing to be done."

"What my Lord?"

The written account of Bellatrix's foreplay with Voldemort is missing about four florid pages of steamy prose. The Omen staff is convinced that this omission was carried out by Death Eaters. Here's what happens on the next page that didn't go missing.

Actually, what I found on the page that didn't go missing may not be fit for publication...

Voldemort's scaly, boney fingers cupped Bellatrix Lestrange's breasts while her moist pussy expectedly awaited his flesh wand but first he decided to death eat her until Bellatrix moaned "please give me your flesh wand! OH MY LORD!!!!"...

Okay I can't continue writing this. The trouble is, I can write erotica about people who aren't completely repulsive, but Voldemort and his flesh wand? No. I think that's enough.

The Ace Love Poem

By Will Newhall

Ridiculous thoughts of naked bouncing aren't
really my thing...
But I'll take a hug?
I hug like a thug!
Hey that rhymed! But it didn't really make sense.
Like love it is really tense!
Hey, I'm pretty good at this!
'Cause who needs a kiss?
Ewww.
Only a few...
So a hug'll do just fine.
It's part of my sign.
(P.s. Check out the
horoscopes)

Ida note: I feel this unsexy font is
appropriate for the unsexyness of
asexuality.



Submitted by Ally Zeitler

POLY-AMOROUS LOVE POEM

BY WILL NEWHALL

I LOVE YOU,
AND YOU,
YOU TOO!

MY FACEBOOK FANS WANT TO KNOW
WHY DOES IT SHOW,
“IT’S COMPLICATED”?
CONFLATED.

THE WORD ORIGINATES IN LATIN.
IT LITERALLY MEANS

“KINDLED” OR “FUSED”
SERIOUSLY LOOK IT UP.
I GUESS YOU’RE
CONFUSED.

NO, NO ONE FEELS
USED.

I CAN LOVE YOU,
AND YOU,
AND YOU.



A Sapphic Soliloquy

By Genevieve Claire Rabideau

Baby,
lets wear violet garlands around
our necks,
purple patches on my
collarbones,
gardens on your chest,

pansy eyes and perennial pace
amethyst feeling
lavender taste

endless indigo
bubbles up and out of you,
lilac on the tongue,
orchid on the fingers

rose hips
lily lips
petals pulled apart
where the nectar sits.



*A weaker part of my heart
is capable of doing incredibly dumb things
like getting attached
or annoyed
or beating too quickly
or telling me to stop eating so much butter
But the rare thing is
Worth celebrating if truth be told
When people completely forget
And remain friends regardless*

submitted by Simon Fields



submitted by Ally Zeidler



Tits

By Ida Kao

Tits are wonderful. There is such a variety! There is the elegant tit, Japanese tits for weebes seeking waifus, penduline tits, and who could possibly forget the elusive great tit. Tits are quite social with each other and tend to flock in pairs. The classification of tits can be quite controversial, as certain morphological tit characteristics generate argument over their closeness to other forms of tits.

Great tits are notoriously elusive and shy. While great tits are plentiful and live around human habitation, they tend to attract human attention. Many individuals seek to caress and stroke great tits in particular, although I, too, enjoy petting an elegant tit from time to time. The Japanese tit in particular tends to attract Cheeto-dusted fingers, shitty mall katanas, and fedora hat tipping, all of which will blemish the natural beauty and desirableness of the tit.

Sources:

Elegant tit (upper right)- <https://www.hbw.com/species/elegant-tit-pardaliparus-elegans>

Japanese tit (lower right) - https://www.google.com/search?q=japanese+tit&rlz=1C5CHFA_enUS779US779&source=lnms&tbm=isch&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwi1uZO2zK_gAhUEmlkKHR5UBcoQ_AUIDigB&biw=1440&bih=790#imgcr=JpLLi3AzaBrOMM:

Penduline tit (upper left) - https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Penduline_tit#/media/File:Auriparus_flaviceps.jpg

Great tit (lower left) - <https://www.rspb.org.uk/birds-and-wildlife/wildlife-guides/bird-a-z/great-tit/>

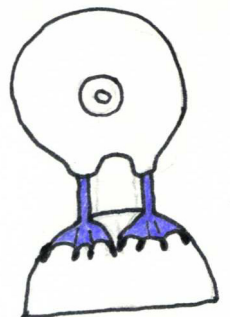
TOTALLY NORMAL LOVE POEM... SERIOUSLY,
THERE IS NOTHING WEIRD AT ALL. DON'T
QUESTION IT. JUST READ.
BY WILL NEWHALL

IT'S YOUR DEMONIC SMILE,
IT GETS ME HORNY EVERY TIME.

IT SPEAKS TO ME,
LIKE THE DEVIL,
IT TELLS ME "YOU'RE MINE! MUHAHAHA!"

IT'S YOUR SMILE,
IT WARMS MY HEART,
AND MY LOINS,
LIKE THE DEPTHS OF HELL.
AND BRIGHTENS MY DAY. OH GOD IT HURTS MY EYES!

IT'S YOUR SMILE,
DEMONIC, AND DISTRACTING.
I'LL BASK IN IT ALWAYS.
AND THOSE HORNS.
GOD, THOSE SEXY HORNS.
OOOH YEAH.
WAIT!
WHAT AM I DOING?
OH GOD GET AWAY FROM ME!
REPENT!
REPENT!



Bedroom Scenes

By Will Newhall (again)

Erotic Confession

CONFESSOR: "Forgive me Father for I have sinned."

PREIST: "My child, this is the Erotic Edition"

C: "Oh. Sorry. Forgive me daddy for I've been naughty."

P: "What is your naughtiness my child?"

C: "I... I... oh god... I wanted to fuck a pizza"

P: "Did you have a Domino's sponsorship?"

C: "No."

P: (Gasp!)

C: "I know. I've been so bad."

P: "For this sin you must dress like a shirtless Jason Momoa for your partner"

C: "With the gruff voice?"

P: "With the gruff voice. Are you resentful of your naughtiness?"

C: "Yes father... I mean daddy."

P: "When you are forgiven. Go in peace to sex to be cum pregnart."

EROTIC SALAD BUFFET

STUDENT: YUM... I LOVE SALAD.

SALAD BUFFET: HMMMM... I LOVE YOU TOO.

ST: WHAT?

SA: WHAT?

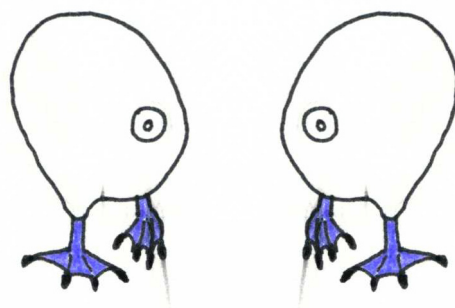
ST: D...DI...DID YOU JUST TALK?

SA: DID YOU JUST STUTTER?

ST: YOU TALKED!

SA: NO SHIT, SHERLOCK. [STUDENT STARTS BACKING AWAY] HEY WHERE ARE YOU GOING? [STUDENT TURNS AROUND. STARTS RUNNING AWAY.]

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOUR RUNNING AWAY? THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE EROTIC! COWARD!



Erotic Elf on the Shelf

[PARENT 1 and PARENT 2 sneaks into Christmas room]

PARENT 1: I really do love the pretty Christmas lights.

PARENT 2: And for once our kid is actually asleep. It's a Boxing Day Stocking Miracle.

P1: A BDSM for short.

P2: Hmmm Whatever. [Leans in to kiss P1]

[SEXY ELF ON THE SHELF jumps in]

SEXY ELF ON THE SHELF: Hey guys!

[P1 and P2 leap away]

P1 and P2: AAAAH!

P2: Christmas Dobby!

SEOTS: Not really but close enough.

P1: Who are you? Are you an Erotic Elf?

SEOTS: Closer! I'm Santa's Transformed Dildo! STD for short. Santa made me for Mrs. Claus.

P2: Santa... Sent us... an STD?

SEOTS: That's correct!

P1: That's hot.

[P2 looks at P1 like they're crazy. SEOTS is oblivious]

P1: Good enough for me. Come on PARTNER 2!

[P1 Begins to take off shirt. P2 looks hesitant, shrugs shoulders, and then takes off shirt]

SEOTS: It's a Christmas Miracle!

EROTIC OMEN MEETING

EDITRIX: ALRIGHT GUYS LET'S GET THIS FEBRUARY EDITION LAID OUT OK? WE NEED TO AMUSE THE MASSES... WAIT, WILL WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

WILL: I'M WRITING...

E: WRITING WHAT?

W: ERR... NOTHING...

E: ARE YOU WRITING AN EROTIC OMEN MEETING SCRIPT?!

SIMON: DOES IT INVOLVE PIZZA?

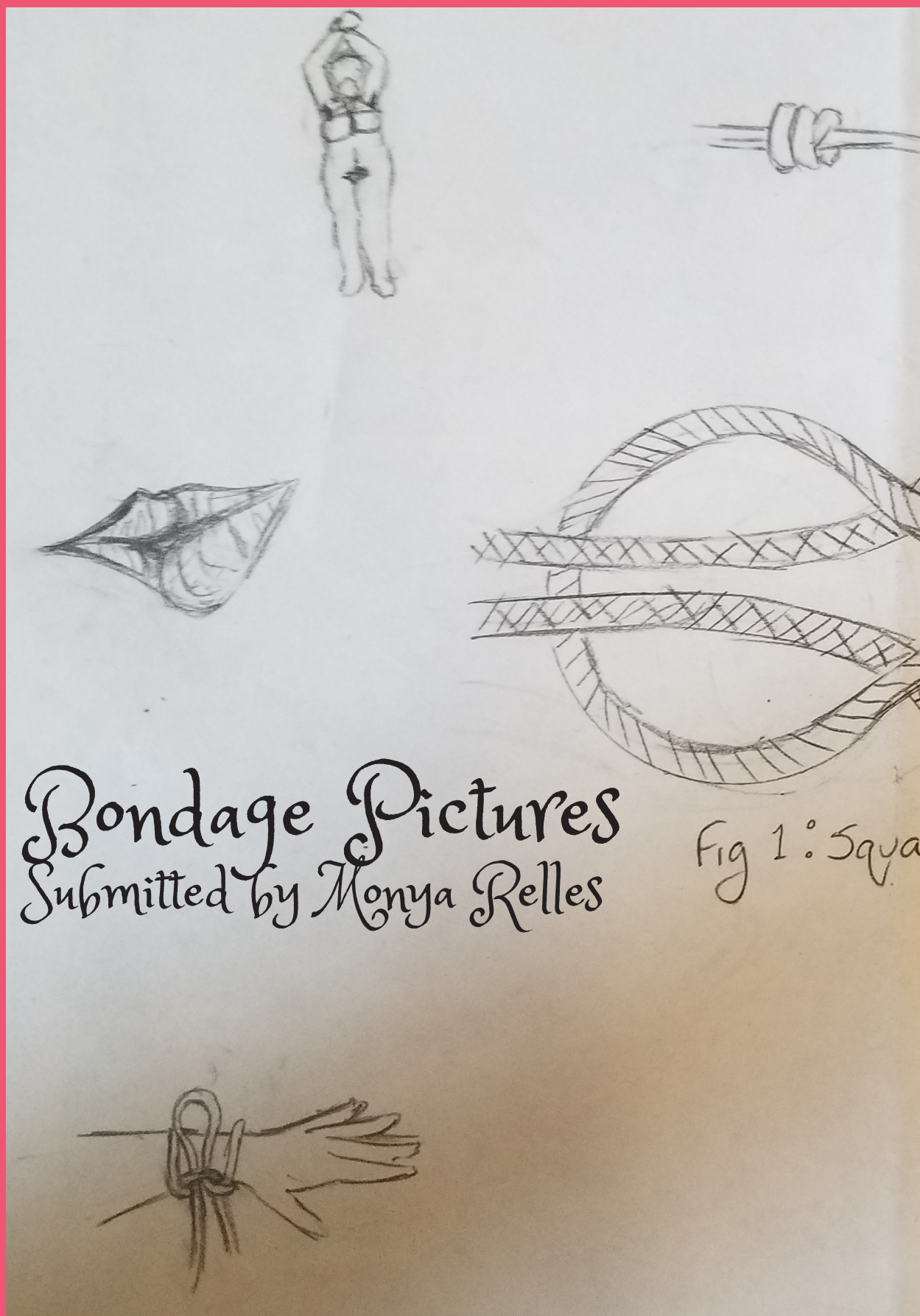
W: YES... AND NOW IT DOES.

IDA: OH GOD...

W: WITH A LOWER 'G', I ASSUME?

S: NO, A LOWER 'D'.

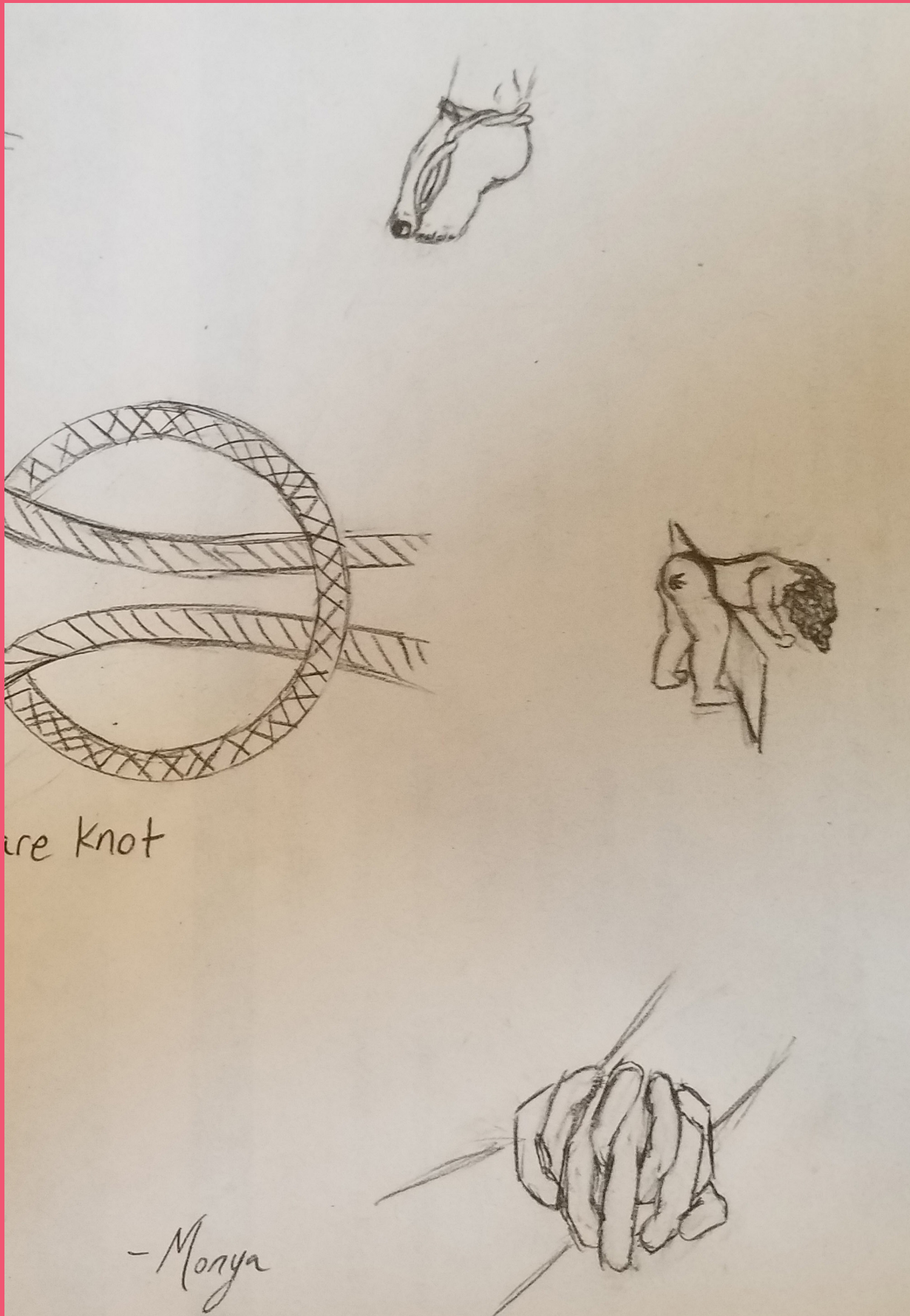
E: O. MEN.



Bondage Pictures

Submitted by Monya Relles

Fig 1: Sqya



SECTION HATE

Letter in Support of Hedonism, or, Hating on People who don't celebrate life [like, ever]

Hello,

I know that activism is all about helping people and seeing what is wrong with the world and 'opening your eyes' or whatever, but can y'all calm down? What I mean by that is that while it's important to see the corporate evil and stuff, it's also important to enjoy your life. So when people tell me that they don't celebrate Valentines day and hate it because it represents the corporate entity, I say fuck that! You're telling me that you can't appreciate your partner and/or the people in your life you care about (I'm going to refer to these people as Valentines from now on because its too annoying to specify that every time I mention them) because corporations want to sell you something to do with that idea? What do you do at Christmas? I mean, I get that you should appreciate your valentines at all times, but why can't you just have special day where you appreciate your valentines in particular? You don't need to buy them candy or flowers or some expensive gift, you can just tell them you appreciate them, write them a letter, give them a call. This isn't rocket science people! If you don't like the corporate aspects of the holiday, then don't participate in them.

I hear so much about self-care at Hampshire. Things like taking physical care of yourself, showering sleeping, doing things that you love (and not just grinding yourself into the dust on assignments), taking a break from activism to just relax. But for me self-care isn't just about taking care of myself. It also makes me feel better to take care of those I care about, to do nice things for them. Obviously you shouldn't be giving all of yourself to others to the extent that you're not taking care of yourself, but you can also care for your own mental health by doing nice things for others. Appreciating others. Appreciating the world around you. If you spent every second of the day practicing 'self care,' but still can't enjoy valentines day because you can't move past the 'evil' corporate entity you're not going to be enjoying your life. So, this Valentine's day take care of your valentines, in whatever way makes sense to you.

Chloe Omelchuck

Love for Cynics

By Will Newhall

You are like the sun!

A giant ball of flaming gas that the earth revolves around.

You are my gravity!

A force that drags everyone down!

You are like the moon!

A hunk of rock. Real hard rock.

You are nitrogen...

I actually have no idea how you're like nitrogen. I just kinda wanted to put that there. Sorry.

You are my heart,

A four chamber piece of meat and flesh,

You're the only gender non-binary I see!

We plan our futures as if we have a clue!

Despite the fact that no one can actually tell the future because time is a fluid and ever changing concept!

I never want to lose you!

Humorous Hampshire Horoscope: Erotic Edition

By Will Newhall

Aries

Take a leadership role in the bedroom. Eat pizza off your partner. Don't delay! Use your talents to make or break your relationship. ;)

Taurus

Watch a rom-com and sob into a DiGiorno's pizza slice dipped in just a little bit of wine while you pet your really horny dog. How does he do it?

Gemini

Pick a random moment and yell "SAMPLAHH!!" right into your partner's ear. Don't worry they need to hear it. Just like that pizza needs to be in your mouth.

Leo

Go fuck yourself. Donate all your fucks to a fuckin' charity. Fuck yeah. Fuck that pizza. Yes, THAT pizza.

Virgo

Follow your kinks. Make it extra kinky this Valentine's Day. So kinky. So much Domino's.

Libra

While you and your partner are making out pick a random time to blurt out "Where's the quaffel?" then wander off and grab a piece of DiGiorno's.

Scorpio

Dress up as a sexy Canadian National Park. It's about to be sexy eh. Get Hawaiian Pizza. It's from Canada you know. Think about warm sunny days. And then remember you're Canadian now.

Sagittarius

pORn! pOrN! PORn! poRN! PORN!!! and then Domino's. Submit a picture of your satisfied, pizza covered, face to the Omen.

Capricorn

Wear socks for good luck. Domino's is your best friend, because it's just as oily as your hair.

Aquarius

Make an insensitive "That's what she said!" joke to your newly single friends. Then buy pizza for those poor saps. From DiGiorno's. Because it's sad. Like them.

Pisces

Be afraid of relationships this month. You know why you should be. Then get Digiorno's. It's not delivery it's just cardboard and sadness. - Ida

Fuck Valentines
day and the
consumerism and
go dance naked
under the moon!
Remember, the
goddess is watching

"Bite it,
you scum!"
- GGALLIN

Cupid said
he wants
a 3-Some
(I don't want
him there)

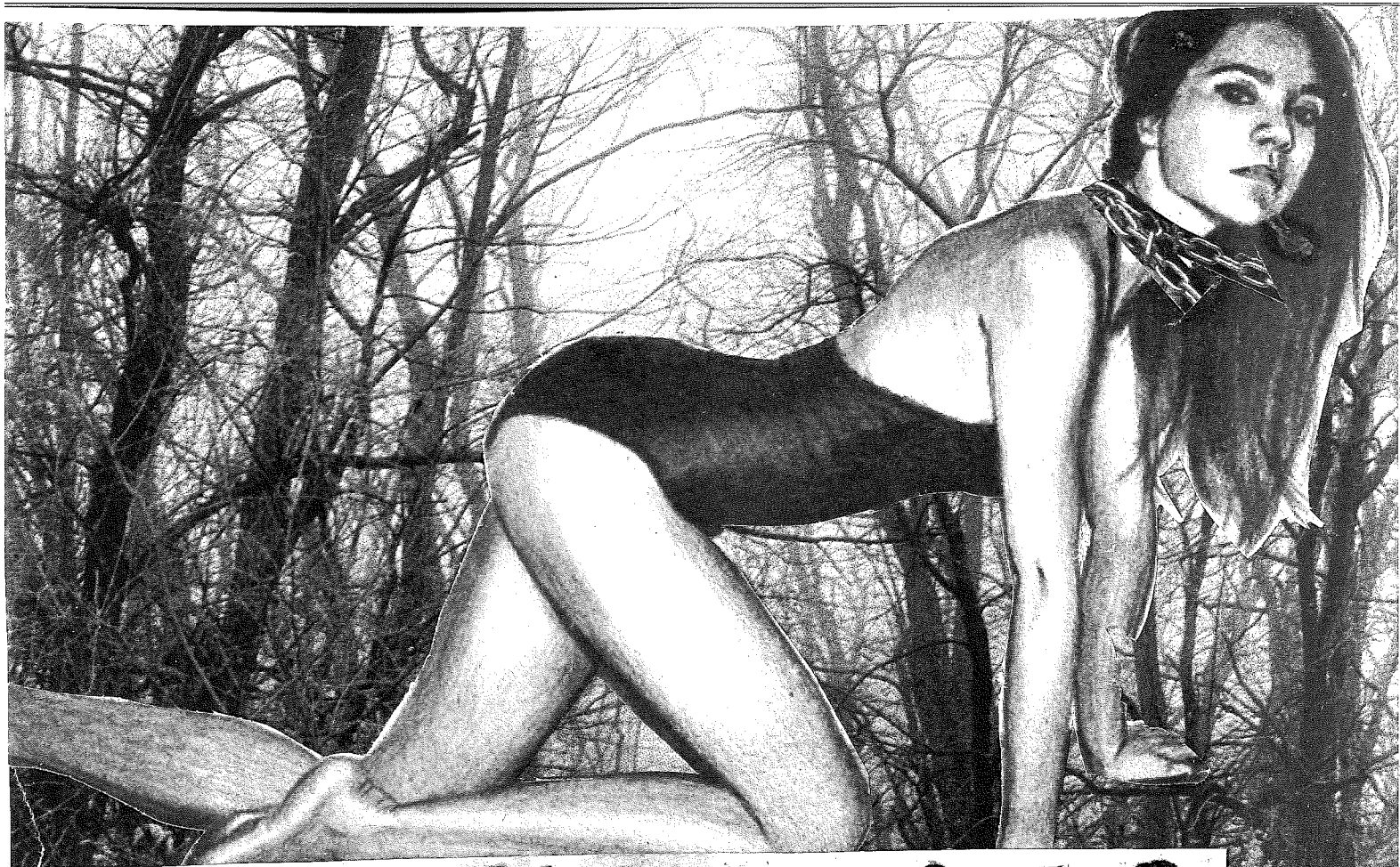
EAT ASS ★
SUCK A DICK
AND
SELL DRUGS

FOLLOW your
HEART: it is
slow, and HATES
A NOTICIBLE THING.
- MAKING it easy to
+ KICK



Note from Omen Staff

< We can't read this
note, so we hate it.



TECHNICOLOR GRAVEYARD SEX

